One spring there was a small-pox scare in town which soon manifested itself at the pen! tentlary. A newly arrived tramp, an ensyclopredia of disease in his own most improper person, was hastily removed to the little disused rest house in the corner of the yard and a suspicious case reported. The local Board of Health, for once recognizing what a clearing house for human refuse the prison was, ordered a vaccination of its inmates.

Observation is the convict's predominant characteristic. His instinct for news is as keen as a hound's scent. Let the keepers whisper together, an extra supply wagon rumble through the gateway, or the deputy strut in his Sunday uniform, and he perceives at once that between the strong soup of noon and the weak tea of 5 o'clock romething is going to happen besides the rub-a-cub-dub of work.

One morning there was no sick call, though the doctor and his assistant, invariably called the student, had been seen flying in and out of the dispensary. This break from the ordiary routine set the eyes and ears of every man jack on the alert. About 3 P. M. the deputy came into the cane shop. He went from one to another with the terse command "Put your coat on and fall into line," until forty had left the racks and were ready to take the lock step. As this gang marched away it was hard to tell whether or not the relief of those who were left behind exceeded the chagrin of their ignorance.

Un through the yard the deputy, with the importance of a Turkish pasha, led the way into the corridor of the main hall. A gloomy barren spot at best is a prison dormitory, but never more so than during the hours of work; for the sense of vacancy seems to aid to its sour and musty ugliness. No one is around save a few pallid wretches from the hospital taking exercise on the flagging which the hall men have just wetted down, thus encouraging their consumptive germs. As one glances from tier to tier of cells, foul and black-mawed, one half expects to see a host of unhappy shades emerge and noiselessly join those about to die in a never ending line. .

and lodge the additional throng? But the law is as oblivatory on prison officials as on prison inmates. And so the fat officer in the washroom got out his grimy slates and sweaty pencils, and prepared to do the day's work of his life, consoling himself with the thought of nocturnal beer and of possible commendation from the "Old Man."

It was a chill, misty fall morning, rendering the bleak outlines of dormitory and shop even more disconsolate than ordinary. The sir was so sticky that it defiled outwardly as well as inwardly. About 10 A. M. the army arrived in a train of hay wagons, under the charge of countrymen masquerading as deputies with badges and staves. From the most subdued conversation of this constabulary it would seem that the scene of capture should have been in Flanders. Perhaps it was well that signs of authority were so evident, else for lack of discrimination injustice might have been done. The prisoners were collected in the covered gateway, the iron gratings at either end let down, and then the capters divove away to fight their battles over again within the circle of some tavern stove.

From the gateway there was a side door into the washroom, through which a half-dozen of the prisoners were admitted at a time to the questionings of the fat keeper and the brooms and soft soap of the ball men. Those without squatted along the wall with the hopeless endurance of cattle, silent, for the most part, and indifferent to the cold and wet. Only when this of water and of soup were distributed were they aroused into a ferocious eagerness of which the beasts would have been shamest. They were mainly Poles, unable to speak English, ignorant of the laws and customs of the land, unknowing whether they were about to be beheaded or knouted, and filed with sullen resentment against some impaliable monster called Government, which suffered them to be destitute while others were surfered with luxuries. And rether and there one might detect a devil may-called with sullen resentment against in word and deed an ad The preparations seemed terrible in their mystery to the men halted along the wall. On small table, over which the doctor stood with sleeves rolled up, were boxes, towels, a bowl of water, and some glittering lancets. Something was going to happen, and yet no one would explain-no one ever does explain in prison, hence the activity of the perceptive fac-The deputy passed along, whispering to each one, "Take off your coat and bare the left arm to the shoulder," and the disquietude increased.

What was the doctor agoin' for to do? Some experiment likely agin' the law. For who 'ud care if he carved us all up?" Such was the common thought conveyed by sullen side glances

As the student began to vigorously rub the arm of the man on the right with a rough cloth, cuds were uneasily shifted or thrust into the pocket; and as the doctor advanced with instrument tray, there was an undulation of white lips and the man on the left gave a great gasp of respite. That line would have presented a curious spec

tacle to those who deem convicts mere stolld lumps of viciousness. The bared forms re-vealed no uniformity of health. Here was the ruggedness of Bill Sykes side by side with an emaciation which would have put to shame Dotheboys Hall on a trooty morning. And over the rough-shaven faces played the whole Dotheboys Hall on a trosty morning. And over the rough-shaven faces played the whole gamut of expression—amusement, resignation, resistance, apprehension, and terror. It may be said with moderation that far less active dread would have been shown by the most hysterica' class of a girls' boarding school.

Convicts fear the unknown. However much they may blackruard the doctor behind his back—and that "however" is an intensitive—her bave a wholesome respect for his occult learning. He is generally supposed to be devold of heart and conscience and to be more than willing to give a fatal dose from the "black bottle" to whomsoever may offend him. Thus awe and distrust led even those who had been vaccinated before into the pervading panicky condition. And more than once some broad-shouldered giant, who would have swaggered up from the shop, unassisted, holding a severed finger in place, toppied over in a faint at the first spurt of blood.

Nor did familiarity bring contempt, Rumors of faintings and of subsequent sickness set the lines that followed in a tremor; and though, throughout that season, every inmate, from the man who had the tome in to the man who

throughout that season, every inmate, from the man who had just come in to the man who ghastly face.

The suspicious case in the pest house, by the way, turned out to be one of crysipelas.

For a week the bread had been very badbad it always was. Now bread is the staff. not of prison life, but of prison existence. Many men, those whose stomachs are not up to the grease, gristle, and taint of prison meat, practically subsist on it. It is pathetic to watch the way such a one will borrow or steal an extra piece, and to note to what an acute state of mould an old crust must attain before it is beyoud the nibbling point. And yet day after day the corridors after a meal had been not white but brown with loaves contemptuously tossed back, and from tier to tier had resounded the cry: "Sour bread!" "Sour bread!" Fritz, the Dutch baker, too, had ventured one morning to put his befloured face into the tallor shop only to be fairly blasted away by a discharge of vituperation too general, sudden,

and abrupt to be detected. There was trouble in the very air, though

that essential stood in no need of further deleterious qualities. When the men marched to work, heads bobbed excitedly close together, In the shops all sorts of signs and countersigns were in constant use. And at night notes scrawled on packing paper were lowered on thread or passed along on broomsticks. And the rolts flew back, there was lighter responsive foot trend than usual on the wooden galleries, and from the guard on the wall to the Warden, and from the sick trainp on the topmost tier to the trembling neophyte in the detention cell, every one knew that the tailor shop men had struck.

The tailor shop was a Botany Bay to which the convicts decrease. so, one afternoon, when the gong rang and

shon men had struck.

The tailor shon was a Botany Bay to which the convicts deemed most dangerous were assigned. There could be found old-timers who beasted that they were serving for life on the installment plan, tough lads, their loyal imitators, men who had escaped, men who isore a ball and chain as a mark of honor, habitual criminals, and those whose cells, when searched, always returned a deadly crop of stilettoes made from files and of stockings converted into sandbags. In the other shops there was a certain lack of restraint, but there the keepers were set on high and never wavered from visitance, and the men sat at the machines like machines until the hour for rest arrived.

The authorities acted with good judgment. The grated deers were quickly slammed and boited, the reduced lines marched down to work, and the Warden, slate in hand, strode along the galleries, stopping at each cell containing a rebel, and of each occupant asking these questions:

"To you refuse to work? Do you recognize the consequence of such refusal? Are you willing to go to the shop if I give you one last chance?"

The convicts in seneral attempted a justification, which was sternly out short. Then selfishness came to the sid of order. The terms of some were about expiring. Why should they sacrifice a moment of their good time that is, the commutation allowed for

chance? The convicts in general attempted a justification, which was sternly out short. Then selfishness came to the aid of order. The terms of some were about expiring. Why should they sacrifice a moment of their good time, that is, the commutation allowed for good behavior? Besides, no one knew what reply his fellow conspirators had made, but each one, judging the others by himself, distructed. In a half-hour's time, when the goos again rang and the bolts again slipped back, brazen-faced or ashamed, the majority of the strikers marched down to their work, notwithstanding the fierce cry of "Scablecab!" raised by the obdurate, and so the revolt ended.

The fate of the irreconcilables was hard. Since they shows to remain in their cells, there they were forced to remain. Work at best was elack. The Warden was often at his wit's end to find employment for newcomers. Hence he grasped eagerly at this opportunity for a partial shut-down. Not a severe punishment, some may say; and so, doubtless, those subject to it thought as they stood whis-

for a partial shut-down. Not a severe punishment, some may say; and so, doubtless, those subject to it thought as they stood whistiling through the bars while the men marched out, or with studby penell laboriously calculated now many miles a day they might do by pacing up and down a coll seven feet long.

But little by little the monotonous lack of occupation, of suglight, of fresh air, of something to see, hear, or read about, wrought its awful effect. The men grow bloated or small

ciated, and in either case were unable to eat or to sleep. For dearth of use their senses turned to the imagination for help, and filled the darkness with glare and the silence with din. When one of the number was carried off to the insane asylum, a biting, kicking, acreaming maniae, and another was found in the early morning hanged to the bed frame with his kness not two in thes from the floor, then came abject surrender. Those who had resisted so dippanity were down on their kness to the Warden, impioring in incoherent phrase the harshest task, and brokenly pledging the most saint-like behavior, if only they might escape from a grave which lad all of the horrors and none of the meroise of death.

As for the bread, for at least a whole week is continued to improve from very bad to bad.

bustle of despair. How would it be possible

to wash, dress, shave, feed, question, assign,

and lodge the additional throng? But the

law is as obligatory on prison officials as on

prison inmates. And so the fat officer in the

pushed this way and that up the dizzy stairs, along the narrow gallery, and flung helter-skelter into the black holes in the wall of the topmost tier, devoid of everything except vermin. Then the fat keeper, as if from the mire, emerged to drown in his beer the Warden's pointed aspersions on his alacrity. And prison sleep, broken, unrestful, and brutalizing, brought its scart comfort to the men. In but one respect did this civilized method of protecting the peace benefit those who in a way sincerely believed that they had a grievance against constituted authority; it rendered them for the mement indifferently clean. For the ensuing sixty days they continued locked up, three in a cell, save for a daily hour of exercise, without occupation or diversion and with the sanitary appliances of a pigsty. Then, on discharge, they were told to move on. A pretty remedy for popular disorder, my masters.

The average penitentiary physician come

to diagnose symptoms of fakes rather than of

disease. There is some excuse for this, for un-

appreciated devotion to duty can hardly be ex-

pected for \$500 a year, and the insincere side

to the daily response to the doctor's call is the

one most evident. Many convicts, eager to

escape work for a moment, march up to the

dispensary, well knowing that there is nothing

a dose of croton oil for his pains; but what

then? One learns to discard any such thing

This pretence is fought by the prison author

ities, but only perfunctorily. It seems wise

to let the physician take his own way of hand-

outside to kick up a bobbery over his being de

march up unmolested, with tongue in cheek

willing to match a wry face against profes

sional acuteness and heedless that by their impudence they are injuring their fellows.

But there are others-the majority-who are

wracked with ills. All the horrors of evil liv-

ing are in them exemplified. As they rap on

the dispensary door and are admitted five at a

time, they stand waiting, peakless caps in

hands, exhibits of the persistence of vitality

against mortal ravages. The physician, case-

hardened by ingratitude and fraud, disposes

of cases in short order, looking for guidance

as taste in prison.

for the operation," and, with one last longing puff, hurries to the main entrance.

There are heavy steps on the stairs. Four hallmen—those prison beasts of burden—shuffie in, bearing on a litter a middle-aced burglar, unconacious from ether. It is wonderful to notice how the coarse, brutal lines have faded from the man's face. Perhaps the mother, who died in his larancy, might now recognize her child, for with the inanimete time has no dimensions. The lone table is moved out; a major operation is begun, while the patient rails and curses over a safe too hard to crack, and the idlers, furtively watching with catlike side glances, mutter doubts as to the doctor's skill. But the checker players keep intent on their game, and the old bank President loses not a thread in the plaint, ever fresh, ever absorbing, of how he was deceived and undone by those now in luxury and honor. The doctor packs up his instruments and gross, unconscious that a song-and-dance man, with a broken head and a thirty days' 'bit,' is giving a marvellously accurate imitation of his personal peculiarities. The patient lies bilinking and confounded on one of the little cots. Two men from the wash room drag up, at the peril of their lives, a tramp, newly arrived, with his single possession, the delurum tremens. He is promptly strapped in a strait-jacket and flung on a mattress which, from his ravings, he evidently takes for the seventh circle of hell. Such a delusion, however, is too reasonable to attract any notice. The steward turns away for another cigartic, when once more there is a step on the sales.

"The Oldman," heads convalescent tries to look as miserable as possible.

The Warden enters in high good humor, with a long blue envelope in his hand. At the sight the bank President raises himself in bed, all of a tremble.

"He was Jimmie to-day?" asks the Warden, indicating with his thumb the consumptive in the rear.

"Uh, about the same, sir," replies the steward, 'he's sleeping new."

"Well, awaken him. Here's h's pardon at last, and a he A pentientiars, like a stage coach, while always full, has always room for one more. Besides the regular allotments from the higher courts, it receives all the tramps, vagrants, and disorderly persons swept up the broom of the law from the cities and villages of the countles which it serves. Its resources are strained to the utmost by the sparse care bestowed on the average number of daily arrivals; so it may be readily imagined that when the news came that one of Coxic's armies, full a hundred strong oh, apt adjective had been corralled by the Sheriff and sent down by a Justice of the Peace looking for reputation, there was awakened the

ard; "he's sleening now."
"Well, awaken him. Here's h's pardon at last, and a heap of pipe-laying we've had to get it for him." The bank President sinks back on his pillow

The bank Fresident sinks back on his pillow tearing the half-written letter into shreds in the urter, despairing, heart-sickness of hope deferred beyond the limits of howing.

The steward hastens over to the last cot and gazes for an instant on the up-rolled eres, the fallen jaw, the skeleton fingers, now as rigid as the form. Then he tip-toes back.

"Jimmie has croaked, sir," he whispers.

RUFE KISELE'S BILLIARD BALLS.

Not Ivory, or Celluloid, and Were Never Turned-Came by a Gift of Nature. "How does it come that you have red, white, and blue billiard bails?" asked the whip sales man of Rufe Eisele, who keeps the Brant House at Sloop Creek.

"Tis kinder extraordinary, ain't it?" said Rufe. "But some how or another extraordinary things happen down here. You wouldn't believe t if I told you that I had them balls afore I had the table. I bought the table for forty dollars from Bart Greenleaf and he won it at a raille up to Asbury. That table's with plum \$250 the balls is just a gift of nature. Come by a special act of Providence, you might say. You never see balls just like them before. They ain't ivory, and they ain't celluloid. If they was celluloid they wouldn't be here now. They ain't this patent putty composition that they make cheap pool balls of either. Just what they are I ain't prepared to say, and I 'spect that the nature of the material these were made

from is changed from what it was at first.
"I'll tell you how I come by 'em, and you'll earn what extraordinary things can happen down hereaways. A year ago the thirteenth of fellows down here, and they set out for a good time. They fetched cards and chins with them, and 'lowed to play poker until 40 clock in the mornin' and then go fishing. I sot up with them and took a band in the game. We were settin' at that round table, and it was pushed ver in the corner between them winds

see flashes of lightnin'. I told them fellows they dibetter move away from the windows, but they laughed at me.
"One fellow had been winning right straight "One fellow had been winning right straight along. He had a beg pile of chins it front of him, and they was in his way. So he began stacking them up accordin' to color and laid twenty-five of each kind is stacks side by side on the window sill. Meanwhile the storm broke and the lightning played hob around the house. The party got kinder scared and jumped up promptly when I proposed to all to go to the bar and nave a drink. I was just settin' out the classes when there was a swish of lightand nave a drink. I was just settin out the glasses when there was a swish of lightning that turned the whole air blue I iddn't hear any thunder, but I see
big balls of fire dancing 'cound the room,
and one of them hit me right on the
breast and knecked me down benind the bar.
Every man in the room was hit plumb in the
gizzard with a ball of fire and knecked flat. I
don'tknow how long it was before we all come
to and took our drinks, but I do know that the
storm had passed. I looked around, and was
surprised to find that nothing had been hurt.
After the fellows all took their drinks they
wanted to play poker again, and started for the
table. There the fellow that had won most of
the chips put up a holler about them. He said the chips put up a holler about them. He said somebody had got 'em.
"I didn't b'leive that possible, and I told him "I didn't b'ieive that possible, and I told him that the lightning had probably knocked them offen the window sill. Then he looked on the floor under the table and said, 'I don't see no chips, but here's a billiard bail,' and he picked up a red bail. Now, I never had a billiard bail in my house before, and I thought that he was playing a trick on me, until one of the other fellows moved his feet and rolled a white bail out on the floor. I picked it up and found it was hot. A minute later like Hicks gave a whoop

FIREFLY TIME.

ling it. For, no matter how forsaken poor Jack Little Lanterned Creatures Swarming Wherever There Is Shrubbery. may be, he is sure to have some friend on the prived of medical aid. So the knowing ones

Now is firefly time in the suburbs. There were a few firefles abroad on the first warm nights in June, but now the little lanterned creatures fairly swarm wherever there are trees and shrubbery. Every woodland edge is a firmament thickly studded with intermittent fires. The rich bluish-white electric quality of the light is best seen against a woodland background on moonless nights. The fireflies seem to be abroad in especially large numbers on cloudy sultry nights, and their soft fires glow. even through a downpour of rain. They over-top in their flight the tallest trees, though they are found in special abundance about low shrubs and crawling on the grass, where the winged and crawling on the grass, where the winged males find their mates, the somewhat rarely seen glowworms, which, by the way, are even more brillant than the males.

The firefly comes to give the final tropic touch to the summer of this latitude. His womerfully pure ethercal fire, a winged spark borne magically by the invisible insect, belongs to the sultry heatr of July, when all the sounds and odors of the night suggest a climate other than that of the temperate zone. When the night sky is veiled in clouds, and thunder rolls about the horizon, those slient fires suggest some strange electric manifestation that forshadows the coming storm. As the flying sparks wax and wane, and the yet incomplete in-ect orchestra softly pipes and struns, the odor of the honevsuckle, intensified by the dammess, floats to the observer, and the senses seem overlaiden with the strange manifestations of the night. Whatever vulgar detail of suburban life thrusts itself upon the eye by day is swallowed up in darkness, and only the magic and romance of the summer night remains, while there is nothing to remind one of one's neighborhood to the great city, save a brond luminous cloud area a few degrees above the horizon, the reflection of New York's nightly llumination.

RUINED HUDSON WOODLANDS.

hardened by ingratitude and fraud, disposes of cases in short order, looking for guidance far more to nerve than pulse, and prescribing saits or Dover's powder as sovereign remedies. Outside of the assuaging of pain, for which he cares but little and has as little hope, the really sick convict yearns for one of two thinks: to be placed on hospital rations, or better yet, to be ordered to the hospital. Both of these privileges are constant subjects of prison intrigue. When a man gains the former he, of course, receives the food prepared for the sick. The difference lies mainly in having butter with bread and milk with tea, or at least substances so entitled, and at best is but an escape from the monotony of one regimen to that of another. But in this microcosm, as well as in the outside world, whatever only a few can have is envied.

There is more than distinction in the latter privilege. There is rest, there is idleness, and, if one only be dangerously ill, there is at least a slight consideration. Come, then, and see the hospital ward, the convict's haven of delight. It is the second story of the washroom wing, broad and high, with lofty windows, barred, of course, for even the dying might break out and steal. In regular rows the little white cots are arranged as different from the gas-pipe double-bunkers of the eells as a real cigar, say, from the stub which the deputy has just thrown away, object for a general scramble though it be. Why, it would be a positive pleasure to serve a term in one of them, and then go out and ger sent back as speedily as possible. Such, indeed, seems to be the expression on the livid face of each occupant.

Under one of the windows a group of convalescents are watching two of their number at checker play, disputing the while as to their relative rights to remain longer in this Is the Havoe in Massachusetts by the Gypsy Moth Repeated in New York! seems to be the expression on the fivid face of each occupant.

Under one of the windows a group of convalescents are watching two of their number at checker play, disputing the while as to their relative rights to remain longer in this elysium. In one corner is a long table with surgical instruments exposed. Evidently an operation will soon take place, but that is too open and commonolace an occurrence to excite any interest. In another corner, behind a screen, lies the star patient, an old bank President, writhing under the throse of an incurable disease while he writes to his devoted family the oft-repeated story of the wrongs of his case.

On the last cot in the rear is a young man in the extremity of consumption. One would need a glass to detect the faint fluttering of his breath. There are no signs of life in the waven lide, none in the dark lips, none in the rigid outlines of the form, none anywhere, save in the incessant picking of the skeleton fingers on the coverlid.

To the left is the little room which the hospital steward, by virtue of his office, has all to himself. This favored convict, a comely young counierfeiter, whose hostion seems better than freedom to the vast majority of the prisoners, is majorially both arrogant and indolent. At might, when alone, he is sometimes industrious, and then he copies names and addresses from any old newspaper or magazine that he can fino. Perhans he thinks his former profession extra-har ardous, and plans to take one step toward reform by becoming a green goods man. He now comes to the doorway, smoking a characte and glances about with hie hands in the peckets of his hease bedtaking cout, the wearing or which in itself confers a distinction.

"Hist, boys," he cries, "the doo's coming As soon as the National Guardsmen, who went nto camp at Peckskill on Saturday, got settled down with tents and camp grounds in order were familiar with the picturesque scenery surrounding the camp noticed that it was marred in places by great patches of rained forests on the hillsides. The most conspicuous piece of ruined woodland is a patch on the westward face of the Peekskill Mountain, just across Annaville Creek, above the ruins of the old iron furnace. It is several acres in extent, apparently oblong and with sharply defined outlines. All around it the woods are bright green and in particularly fine condition this year, and the blasted area fine condition this year, and the biasted area stands out very conspicuously. Within its limits the trees are brown and dead, as if they had been swept by a biast of fire; yet they have not been hurned. Looking across the Hudson to the ridges back of hunderberg, one sees more of these ruled patches of woodland, and one mountain crest is all brown.

The residents seem to have accepted these marks of ruln as a matter of course and made no inquiry as to rause. None of them was found who could even make a reasonable guess as to the cause. From a distance it looks like the work of inserts, and particularly reminish Massachusetts men of the havoc wrought in their State by the caterpillars of the gypsy extra har ardons, and plans to oward reform by becoming a few work of inserts, and particularly reminds a. He now comes to the door chrackets and glanges about in the pockets of his losse leduce wearing of which in itself tion.

The cries, "the doe's coming a pest or some native insector of some other agency, its cause should be ascertained, and precautions taken that the destruction shall not extend.

SLOW DEATH AT \$1 A DAY.

MIRERY OF THE ALKALI WORKERS OF WIDNES AND ST. HELENS.

The Chemicals Used Bestroy Their Teeth-

Unable to Eat, They Take to Drink in Order to Keep Up Their Strength, and Soon Caunot Work Unless Half Brank. At Widnes and St. Helens, where are situated the principal works of the alkali industry in England, the spring never comes, for it these dreary towns there is no place in which t can manifest itself. The foul gases which, beiched forthnight and day from the many fac tories, rot the ciothes, the teeth, and in the end the bodies of the workers, have killed every

tree and blade of grass for miles around. Trees cannot live here, but men must and do. Widnes is a populous town, and one admires in its squalid courts and alleys the swarms of healthy children. But one never sees any old The touching contrast between May and December will be looked for in vain in Widnes, for here, as in St. Helens, the men co off quick.

"It is a very unhealthy trade," said the lead ing doctor recently, "and if the published sta-tistics show but a small death rate in the chemical trade, it is because the chemical yard only kills a man three parts out of four leaving the workhouse to do the rest. The men are dismissed before they are actually dying. As a general rule, the men go from 4 to 55 years of age. The tubes become blocked up and asthmatical; the gases destroy all clasticity of the tubes. The limemen get soft tone. All get more or less anomic. Asthma, kidney disease, chronic systitis, are the per quisites of all."

In answer to a question the doctor said: "It would not be wise to pass a chemical yard man at the ordinary rate for life insurance. The work certainly shortens life. For one thing he men cannot do their work unless they are half drunk. They drink and drink. I have gallons) of beer a week. They drink because they cannot eat. I know men who have brought their breakfasts, dinners, and teas back home from the works because they could not touch them. A man cannot be healthy under these conditions." The certainty of a shortened life, the possi-

stant risks of painful accidents are well known to all the chemical workers in these alkali facories, and are accepted by them with an indifference which might seem callous were it not so apparently heroic. The men joke about their condition. I asked one man whom I met in one of the

bility of a sudden and terrible death, and con-

factories what they were manufacturing there. 'Skeletons," he said, "and I, you see, am only But Roger is their best joke, as Roger is their

worst enemy. Roger is the chlorine gas, which, pumped on to slaked lime, tranforms this into bleaching powder. Roger is a green gas, and is so reisonous that the men (packers) who pack the bleaching powder after the process into the barrels in which it is exported, work with gogleson their eyes and twenty thicknesses of fannel over their mouths, these muziles_being tightly secured by stout cords. They can pack but a few minutes at a time. A "feed" of this gas kills its man in an hour. in it an hour.
all that, Roger is the butt, not the bogy.
all that, Roger is coming. Clear,

For all that, Roger is the butt, not the bory. True, that ## the cry "Roger is coming." Clear, Inda." so frequently heard in the works, a wild marre qui pant of banic-stricken men may be see scurrying before a creen, perceptible, and palpable fog borne on the wind, but all the same, once the danger is past. Roger evokes smiles.

In little sheds down this long corridor are scatted broken-down men, not old but aged, breaking stones from which sulphur is to be extracted. These are technically known as the "stone hobblers," but as Widnes will lave its joke, they are more commonly called the "hand bell ringers." They ring their bells the livelong day, and by the music earn it cents the ion.

"It's worse than on the high roads." said

its cents the tou.

"It's worse than on the high roads," said one. "but then you're warmer in the winter."

These men are the wasted alkall workers, "toothiess, asthmatic, half blind, used up, they cast-offs," as one man told me. He added: "This is the last stare, before the workhows."

ing cast-oils, as one man told me. He addied: This is the last staze, before the workhouse."

The saltcake men next. These play an important part. Under their hands common salt, taked in furnaces and treated with vitriol, produces, after various processes, hydrochloric acid gas, whence hydrochloric acid, and chloride of manganese. The salt which remains in the furnace after the hydrochloric acid has been drawn off is what is known as saltcake. Their work consists in spreading and turning the sait in the furnace and in drawing it out when all the gas has been drawn off, for the most part through the high coke to vers, where it is transformed by trickling water into liquid hydrochloric acid, and to some extent into their lungs, where it is transformed into death.

A saltcake man can be recognized anywhere, this teeth, if not entirely destroyed, are but black stumes. The effect makes itself seen in under tweive months. "It takes us thirty minutes to eat pap which a child could eat in two minutes," said one man.

By the side of one of the workers, strewn on the floor, I saw a quantity of crusts of bread.

By the side of one of the workers, strewn on the floor, I saw a quantity of crusts of bread. His teeth were too soft to eat them. "I'd have to seak 'em in my can before I could masticate them,' he said, 'and I've no time for that."

As a fact, these men, during their eight hours' work, can barely snatch a minute for their meals. "We haven't a minute for a meal's meat," said one. "You have to eat like a dog. Standing at your work you eat your chuck."

A saltenke man at St. Helens said: "My teeth are all gone. I have been at saltenke for eighteen years. I have male \$0 a week at piece work, working on Sundays, that is to say, seven shifts a week.

A saltcake man at St. Helens said: "My teeth are all gone. I have been at saltcake for eighteen years. I have male \$50 a week at piece work, working on Sundays, that is to say, seven shifts a week.

"I am stancing eight hours on end in front of a fiery furnace, melting with heat, drawing, showing, and turning the salt with an iron bar which weighs fifty-six pounds. The heat is so intense that I am perspiring all the time. I have two towels to wipe myself on. One is drying while I am using the other. I eat only when I can snan. But I'm not often hungry, and the gas makes me sick. But I mast stick to the furnace or I'm going short of my wagee." He added: "Not a man of my times but what is gone off or in the workhouse." He had lived for weeks on milk and eggs. "My stemach wouldn't stand anything selid." He has to drink to keep up his strength.

There is no Sunday, not even Christmas Day, for the alkali workers when trade is busy. At other times they have weeks and months of enforced bileness.

The lime men. or millers, are those who load the slaked lime, after turning it over and over, on to the lifts, by which it is conveyed to the chamber where it is treated with chlorine. These work in shifts of twenty minutes at a time, with a few minutes' interval for rest, for fourteen hours on the night shift or for seven hours, on the day shift.

It is dirty and dangerous work, with soft stone as a certain perquisite, and blindness as a passibility. So trillog a matter as large burns need not be referred to.

The men work with a thick oakum gag or muzzle" in their mouths, in a cloud of white particles. In the summer the heat is quite intolerable. When they have done their work they wash themselves with oll or tallow, and dry themselves on wiss of brown paper. This is all the tollet that they know. The use of water would lay them alive. Thair average wages is seven cents an hour. All the mixers who convey to the revolving burners too elsew to the packers.

The mixers who convey to the revolving burners the fiery black sh, a

he was working one week out of four. Some finishers said that during slack times they worked one week and idled the next. On the other hand, when the rush is on, the men get no breathing time—not a day's rest, little of the night, no sunday, no Christmas.

This is their chief complaint—the uncertainty of their earning. Of 'Roger' and saltcake gas, and the hundred other risks that attend them, they speak light-heartelly. Not long before the artier's visit to Widnes, three men cleaning out one of the open sowers to which I have referred were asphyxiated, and numerous are the stories of men holled to death in the stoaming caustic poi.

A mere walk through a yard is dangerous, for the tanks leak here and there, and corrosive fluids drop and drop. One hears of a man who was slowly caren to death in a viriol tank late which he had fallen, and in which he was caught fast. A priest tried to anoth him, but falled. Hundreds nowerless to help were looking on. He joked at them between his screams. Were they all out on strike to be idling there? In Wiston workhouse is a legless man, with whom an armiess man keeps company. They were both alkali workers.

One wonders how the workers can clothe themselves. They must wear wood, for the gas rots cotton in forty-eight hours. Men are seen going home in their breeches roped round their legs, because their garments were seved with cotton, and the scams have given, or in a network of woollen woof, the cotton warp having disappeared. I saw one man clothed mainly with an old nitro—g.

network of woollen woof, the cotten warp having disappeared. I saw one man clothed
mainly with an old nitre i-g.
The principal annusement, because gratuitous,
is to go on Mondays, when the bench sits, to see
the prisoners marched, handcuffed, down the
street to the station for conveyance to the jail
at Liverpool.

COLLEGE GRADUATES IN CONGRESS.

Not a Few Senators and Representatives Are University Graduates,

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts was graduated from Harvard College in 1846, and his associate in the Senate from Massachusetts, Henry Cabot lodge, was graduated from the same institution in 1871. Other Senators who attended Harvard are Pasco of Florida, Wolcott of Colorado, and Chandler of New Hampshire five in all. In the House there is one Harvard man in the Illinois delegation, three in the Massachusetts delegation, two in the New York delegation, and one from Rhode Island-seven in all. Yale College s not represented among the Senators from Connecticut, but there is one Yale man in the Senate from Idaho and another from Nevada. The third is George P. Wetmore of Rhode Island. In the House there are two Vale men from Connecticut, one from Nevada, one from New Jersey, one from New York, and two from Senator Gray of Delaware is a Princeton man.

as is Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania. There

are two Princeton men in the House delegation

from New Jersey, one from New York, and one from North Carolina. Columbia College has a meagre representation in the Fifty-fourth Congrass no Columbia man in the Senate, and only gress—no Coumous man in the Schate, and only three in the House, two from New York and one from New Jersey. Bowdoin College is represented by Schator Frye in the Schate and Speaker Reed in the House, both Maine men. Senator Proctor of Vermont was educated at Dartmouth, and among the other Dartmouth men in Congress are Mr. Dingley of Maine, lately Republican leader on the floor of the House, two Massachusetts representatives, one member of the New Hampshire delegation, and one New York man six in all. Union College has two Representatives in New York's delegation in the House. One Ohio Representative, Southard, of the Toledo district, was educated at Cornell. There is one Hamilton College man in the California delegation, one in the Missouri delegation, and one in the New York delegation the Representative of the Utica district. Galinsha A. Grow, the oldest of the Representatives in Congress, was educated at Amherst, as were two Representatives of Massachusetts. One New York Congressman was educated at Williams College, and so was one Pennsylvania Congressman. The oldest of the Schators, Mr. Morrill of Vermont, who is eighty-six, was not educated in any college. Senator Butler of North Carolina, the youngest of the Senators the is thirty-three; was graduated from the University of North Carolina eleven years ago. hree in the House, two from New York and was graduated from the University of

was graduated from the University of North Carolina eleven years ago.

The proportion of college-bred Congressmen is largest in the Eastern and the extreme far Western States. It must seem surprising to many persons that of three Yale men, for instance, in the Senste, two should come from such distant States as Idaho and Nebraska. Among the Congressmen from the Southern States are many Representatives educated in the minor colleges of that section, and the peculiar distinction of having every one of its representatives in both Houses a college man is enjoyed by one State only, Virginia. The California statesmen and the Tean statesmen are nearly all of them graduates of common schools, and college degrees and university honors are rare among them. The beserting and schools, and college use. The besetting ors are rare among them. The besetting ors are rare among them. What is the difference of the college between a college and a university?" accounts to some degree, perhaps, for the impracticability of any correct summary of college men in Congress.

THESE COUNTIES DON'T GROW. Rural New York Settlements Which Lag

With each succeeding census, State or Federal, the supremacy of New York as the Empire State, in population, wealth, and diversity of its industries, becomes more clearly recognized and assured; but notwithstanding the enormous around in the neighborhood of that original growth which from 1860 to 1890 increased the population from 3,800,000 to 0,000,000, it is a sprung up. Things were beeming, and the fact that in many of the counties of the State of | Cruzen claim was in the midst of the rush-New York there is a steady falling off in the without a spadeful of work being done on it.

Remains of a Prehistoric Amphithentre. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SPRINGFIRLD, June 28. The visit of an arche-ologist to the village of Spring Valley, south-west of here, in the Miami Valley, where a You go home and die. Doctor says you died of faint, and the proof is that brandy was needed to revive you."

The black-ach worker can carn, when working tail time, about \$7.50 a week. His work is much the same as that of the salicake man, has much as he is Annding for eight hours almost uninterruptedly working at the furnaces by which the revolving burners are heated, and the neighborheed did not realize the value, and stone fused into black ash.

The vaturen, who convey the cooled black ash into the vats where it is diluted in water, must push and unical forty barrows to fill one vat. Two vaturen can fill three vats in a day, working from eleven to eighteen hours. The men have to go on their knees some part of the way to push the barrows along. The vaturen that I saw looked so draggled, so forforn, so degraded, that I think of all these poor fellows I pitted them the most.

Miserable as the wages are, carned at such markets. Sometimes trade is so slack that they cannot. They are the sport of the markets. Sometimes trade is so slack that they must local about the worker.

One man told the writer that on an average

CHIEF JUSTICE A SPORTSMAN. Lord Russell's Interest in Boys' Athletics

Even to Baseball The most interesting friend that boys and girls possess will be in this country in August. He is the Lord Chief Justice of England.

There is hardly a more popular character among British boys anywhere than his lordship. He joins in their games to this day. Perhaps he is the first Lord Chief Justice that ever played leap frog. He did this last year with some Harrow boys on the green before the school. But he should be particularly liked by the boys of this country because he was in one of the few baseball games yet witnessed in England. It came about in this way. Right Hon, Charles Lord Russell of Killowen, G. C. M. G., to give his full title, has been known throughout his career as a friend of feld sports, particularly cricket. He is director in many school boards. Whenever he visits these schools he asks the boys about their games and occasionally takes a hand in them That is how he comes to be a cricket player and a tennis player and various other things. Whenever the boys of rival schools get up a match, and the Chief Justice is within reach, he called upon to umpire it. He rarely refuses these invitations. He told a class at Eton this spring that he would prefer to be the finest bowler in England to holding the Premierahip of Great Britain. The boys gave him three cheers.

One day a game of baseball was proposed between some Southwark boys in London and a nine composed of lads belonging to a parochial

within a year, clse he forfeits the claim, and the first man who files another location notice gets the property. Sometimes, when a prospector has a fine piece of property, promising richness, other people will come up and lorate near, so as to be handy to jump into the good thing if the year passes without the first laimant building a house or making some other improvement.

Cruzen knew his claim was first-class, but he

thinking he would get something better. The

colishly went to chasing after strange gods,

months passed, and somebody else prowling Cruzen claim found much mineral, and a camp population from 3,00,000 to 5,00,000, it is a fact that in many of the counties of the State of New York there is a steady failing off in the number of inhabitants, and fifteen of the State of New York there is a steady failing off in the number of inhabitants, and fifteen of the State outlies of the State have fewer inhabitants now than they had twenty-five years ago. There have been no changes in the territorial lines of New York counties since April. 1844 except through the addition, by annexation, of Westchester county town-ships to New York, of the New York of the State of New York and the State of the S

"No Cure: No Pay."

From the Philadelphia Record,
Judge Joline was all ready to decide what appeared to be a clear enough case in the Camden District Court yesterday, when an unlooked-for obstacle areas and he reserved decision. It was in the trial of a suit brought by Dr. G. P. Findaw, a well-known specialist, against F. Sitley, a pre-period grain dealer, to recover \$150.

The Boctor stated his case briefly, explaining that he had attended. Mrs. Sitley, and that Mr. Sitley had refused to pay his bill. That was plain enough, but when the point iff was turned over for prose-examination to ex-ludge Howard Carrow, as counsel for Sitley, the case took a somewhat different turn.

Doctor, this is a namphiet issued by you, is it not "a asked the alterney, presenting a small book issued as an advertising circular by the Bester." From the Philadelphia Record.

Yes, sir," replied the plaintiff.

Yes, sir."
Please turn to page 10."
The Doctor turned the leaves and opened the

The horse rate signated page.

Now read the last line."

Now read the last line."

No cure: no nay," quoted the plaintiff.

"That will do: that is our case: Mrs. Sitley drai," and the ex-Judge proceeds to gather

up his paters.

Judge Joline gave his spectacles a twitch,
gave a turn to his fluffy moustache, and said
that he would decide the case later on.

APPOINTMENTS OF CADETS.

EFFECT OF THE COMPETITIVE SYSS. TEM AT WEST POINT.

my Officers Who Say that Caders Choses. by Competitive Examinations Do Not Succeed So Well at the Academ; as Cadets Selected Directly by Congressmen. WASHINGTON, July 4. After thirty years' experience with the competitive system of ap-Academy, it has been shown that the boy who leads half a dozen or more of his fellow residents of a Congressional district and secures the appointment from his member is more apt to make a poor record as a cadet than a poy selected outright. The leading authorities of the War Department have been opposed to the competitive plan and insist that better results can be obtained by picking a boy for his attainments in some special branches, such as those upon which much stress is laid at West Point, than by leaving the appointment open for competition by all the boys in a district who may wish to enter the race, and awarding it to the boy who has the highest average in all branches on which he has been tested, The custom of leaving vacancies at the Acade-

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my open to competition was no doubt inaugurat. ed in order to relieve Congressmen of the responsibilities of making their own selections, and to save them from attacks by those whose sons had been disappointed. Many a member has been defeated for reflection because he used

of creat Britain. The boys gave nim three cheers.

One day a game of baseball was proposed tween some Southwark boys in London and a nim commosed of fails belonging to a parochial school of which his lordship is director. Now a game of baseball is rare in England. They prefer cricket over there. But a few years are an an interference of the property of the propert

or three at each.

By those who favor the plan of selecting candidates both for West Point and Annapolis by
competitive examinations it is claimed that
while the Congressman may not derive satirfaction in making the appointment, the records
of the academies show that the percentage of
those who are traduated is larger than that of
cadets appointed through individual selection.
Those, however, who believe a Congressman
should name the boy he wishes, regardless of
competition, point to the fact that the Presidens
never makes appointments through competitive competition, point to the fact that the Presidens's never makes appointments through competitive examinations, and that his selections are invariably better than those made by Congressemen. The President, however, is not free from the demands of those who think their sonal should receive "at-large" appointments, and an estimate of the number of applicants for each vacancy made by the recording clerks of the White House shows that five hundred boys are candidates for every appointment the Presidens has at Annapolis and West Point.

sewing stimate of the numers appointments and an examp made by the recording clerks of the vacancy made by the hundred boys are candidates for every appointment the President in the question by giving notice that only son, in the question by giving notice that only son, in the question by giving notice that only son, or and clearly appointment to the Government's claim, the question by giving notice that only son, are as a rule, have no stated homes, and thus are decided to the condition of the conditi